

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



FEBRUARY, 1928

Contents

Life	163
Vandalism, Spook, or Deviltry?	164
The Negro Laureate	168
William Blake—an Impression	174
Light Lang Syne via Northern Lights	176
A Pastel	177
Editorials	178
Exchanges	181
Locals	184
Alumni Notes	186
Societies	187
The Tempest	189
Athletics	190
Free Air: Hot and Otherwise	195
Advertisements	197

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Collegeville, Indiana

Entered as Second Class Matter at Collegeville, Ind., October 20,
1927, under Act of March 3, 1897.

VOL. XVI

FEBRUARY 8, 1928

NO. 5

Life

I lay awake, one moon-lit night serene,
To watch the clouds in fleet and swift array,
Across the heavens wend their silent way,
Like fabled argosies to ports of dream.
So fleet they came and quite as fleet they seemed
Across the sky, e'en to the horizon's brink
To pass; then hanging, stooping, did they sink
Into the shores, beyond the moon's bright gleam.

And so shall we, but living ships with souls,
Across the Sea of Life be quickly blown.
At times in joy, yet at times in sorrow,
Unto the shores of our eternal goal:
Back to the land which was our former home
And where never ends the blessed morrow.

Marcellus Foltz, '28.

Vandalism, Spook, or Deviltry?

Standing on a high peak of the heavily-wooded hills of South Dakota, Bob Jewell, a student of Weston Preparatory School for Boys, gazed vacantly over the deep valley stretching out before him, in the middle of which stood the group of buildings that constituted Weston Prep. At one side lay a small lake which now glistened in the rays of the noonday sun. Bob started suddenly from his daydream as a tall, congenial gentleman emerged from the thicket. He addressed Bob cordially:

"A person could stand here and take in this good healthful air all day and enjoy every moment of it."

Bob smiled assent.

"Yes, this South Dakota climate is surely wonderful."

"What a peaceful scene that is," the gentleman continued as he pointed toward the school, "a school in a valley, with a clear spacious lake beside it. Are you a student there?"

"Yes, I am, but for the last few days the scene hasn't been so peaceful on the inside as it appears from the outside."

The man scented an interesting story and led Bob on.

"That sounds interesting. Do you mind telling me about it?"

"Surely not. There is nothing secret about it. Let's sit down over there on the rocks."

This is the story as the stranger heard it.

The science department of Weston Prep was in a flutter: a fifteen dollar jar of liquid phosphorous had been spilt and smeared over the floor. Everyone declared his innocence. As the guilt could not be laid upon any individual, each member of the class was assessed fifty cents, and the matter was dropped.

Two peaceful days passed at the college. On the night of the second day a shrill scream rent the air in one of the dormitories. When the lights were switched on, everyone stared at Art Whitley, a young freshman, whose pale face and eyes, large with fright and astonishment, betrayed his guilt. Emil Martin, the prefect, asked Art concerning the cause of this unusual conduct. The boy sputtered between gasps:

"I woke up a few minutes ago. Over me hovered a light, soft and glowing. It was larger than a plate and seemed to give out heat. I screamed—then it slowly circled around the room. I closed my eyes in terror, and when I opened them again, it—was—gone."

Everyone laughed at the boy and declared that he had been the victim of a bad dream. The remainder of the night passed without further mishap.

In the morning Art was accused by his classmates "of being the one who always kept the other fellows awake by talking in his sleep." He, however, stoutly denied the accusation and laid the entire blame on a senior, Bart Ley, well known for his practical jokes. The statement was substantiated by a remark by Fred Macke to Bob Jewell, which was overheard and reported by one of the freshmen:

"Say, do you notice that it is one of the freshies—who are most easily scared anyway—that is connected with the mystery? Maybe it's some older fellow who is merely joking; but it should be stopped, I think."

Bob Jewell laughed.

"I don't know," he said, "in a place like this a fellow has to have some fun." His face was clouded as he went on. "But I do believe that it is being carried a little too far."

That night everyone was restless in the dormitories. Little Slicker Dale especially lay awake. He was a small sickly boy; all his life he had been afraid of so-called spooks and ghosts. He invariably shivered as he thought of the adventure of the preceding night. He stared at the twinkling stars that dotted the mantle of the nightly sky like myriads of jewels. A slow half hour passed. Suddenly a light, shining and glimmering, glided in through the open window and flew about the room. Slicker's eyes slowly opened. He struggled with himself; a moral battle raged within him in which he was the loser; he wanted to cry out, but his parched throat would utter no sound. At last with a mighty effort he let out a blood-curdling cry:

"Help!" He covered his head. A moment later the covers were rudely pulled from him, disclosing the inquiring faces of Emil Martin and several other of the older students.

"The light! The light!" he gasped.

The following morning poor Slicker was summoned into the office of the prefect to tell all that he knew. The mystery was not a student's joke, for he

had seen the light enter through the window. Immediately after the cross-examination he stole out to the grove to escape the ridicule of his classmates. He sank into a bench and buried his face in his hands. He heard a slight rustle and raised his eyes. A cry escaped his lips—his eyes started from their sockets—there in a dark corner of the grove was the light. He turned to flee, but something held him back: another moral battle. This time he was victorious. Turning back he slowly took off his coat, climbed upon a table standing nearby, sprang up and enveloped the light.

A group soon gathered at the office as Slicker entered. "Curious" in the superlative degree does not describe their attitude. The light had not yet been examined; it lay under the coat in a heap on the floor of the office, while Slicker told of its capture. He then stooped and lifted the coat. A whistle of amazement escaped from the group and then a low chuckle. There on the floor lay a phosphorous-covered owl, nodding and blinking wisely.

Everyone spoke at once. Of course it was this owl that had spilt the phosphorous and tracked it over the floor, for it could not fly while its body was wet.

The stranger laughed heartily as Bob finished his tale.

"Would you care to go through our college?" Bob asked.

"With pleasure," he answered.

Fred Jansen, '31.

The Negro Laureate

One day as the rain fell drearily outside of his window Paul Laurence Dunbar turned to a young man sitting with him and said:

“Did you ever think of the rain’s looking like harp-strings?”

Of course, his young companion hadn’t.

“Well—how does this sound?” and the poet slowly repeated these words—

“The rain streams down like harp-strings from
the sky,

The wind, that world-old harper sitteth by,

And ever, as he sings his low refrain,

He plays upon the harp-strings of the rain.”

These four beautiful lines disclose the true poetic heart of Dunbar, a heart that was always discovering—not new worlds—but the unnoticed treasures of the old. It was well that Dunbar could turn rainy days into harpists’ melodies, for much rain fell into the short life of this genius. Like the Scottish plowman-poet, Burns, to whom he has been frequently compared, this son of slaves felt the pinch of poverty, felt the heavy sorrow of domestic trouble, felt the chilling grasp of a long-drawn-out illness and, like Burns, he died in the very prime of life. Dunbar had this consolation, that Burns did not have, his life’s spark was burnt out answering the goad of his blazing genius which drove him on to work when he should have been trying to rest himself and his weakened lungs. Unlike the cause of Burns’ early death, the cause of Dunbar’s death was not the driving force of genius coupled with the inroads of earlier

dissipation, but it was the driving force of genius alone. How strange it seems that these two poets should have so much in common in their works and sufferings, yet one lived in the open fields, singing his songs as he followed the plow, while the other lived in the crowded city, softly humming his songs as he held the lever of the elevator that carried bustling, prosaic, business men to and from their offices in the heights of those towers which we call "skyscrapers."

The epitaph of Paul Laurence Dunbar has been very aptly written by Countee P. Cullen—

"Born of the sorrowful of heart,
Mirth was a crown upon his head;
Pride kept his twisted lips apart
In jest, to hide a heart that bled."

Although the varied facts of a poet's life, such as his sufferings, the nature and conduct of his parents, the inferiority of his race, the manner and kind of his education, and the like, are interesting, they are not, or should not be, the criteria by which future ages should judge the poet. Literary judgment must be passed on what the poet wrote and how he wrote it. Dunbar's poetry is heart poetry, and the poetry that lives beyond its own age and wins a permanent place in literature is poetry, like that produced by this negro Bobby Burns, which wells from the heart.

Paul Laurence Dunbar speaks from the heart of a race that had appeared in literature long before his day; but his race never before had been able to speak for itself. The American negro has been portrayed before and after Dunbar's short stay on earth, but, while the writers of these portrayals have sincerely attempted to be sympathetic, yet the pictures which they gave are more like caricatures than

portraits. Dunbar, speaking for the negro, and as a negro, showed that this race was more human than African—that it had a depth of feeling that the “crap-shooting,” roost-raiding “nigger” of the minstrel-show and the comic supplement (the popular conception of the negro) could never be expected to possess. Although passionately fond of his own people, Dunbar was not blind to the negro’s limitations. In his works, however, he speaks of these shortcomings with a tenderness and understanding quite in contrast to the handling of this subject by other delineators of the negro character.

Dunbar made a new and valuable contribution to American Literature in his dialect poems. In them the negro speaks for himself in his own quaint way. In these poems (America’s nearest counterparts to the Old World’s folk songs), the humor, kindliness, fancy, love of grace and melody, the great sufferings—few races have borne greater sufferings and have borne them with more inspiring patience—of the negro are woven into a beautiful and unusual pattern that shall hold a permanent place in our still youthful literature.

“When Malindy Sings,” declared to be the best of Paul Laurence Dunbar’s dialect poems, should not be read, but should be sung to the accompaniment of a banjo. Then, closing his eyes, the singer will feel himself carried away to a milder clime. He will find himself standing beneath the soft Southern moon and from distant cabins there will float to his ears those soft, crooning melodies—

——“fu’ real melojous music,
Dat jes’ strikes yo’ hea’t and clings”

—which would lose much if interpreted by any other

vocal organs than those of a "dahky." The poem is just a simple annal of the lowly, but under the glow of Dunbar's genius it is transformed into "a thing of beauty—a joy forever." As one reads or sings on, he comes to think of the poem as the poet thought of Malindy's song:

"Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music
Of an edicated band;
An' hit's dearah dan he battle's
Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
When de solmn chu'ch bell rings—."

This negro Bobby Burns, who writes as touchingly of the "unlettered human heart," takes his readers right into Malindy's kitchen and in those humble surroundings

"——You fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
When Malindy sings."

This sad strain soon gives way to a happier one with its frolicsome music

"Ez hit rises up an' mounts—
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys'
Way above dis buryin' sod,
Ez hit makes its way in glory
To de very gates of God."

In the closing stanza of the poem a delicate echo rings with the words,

"Th'oo de bresh of angel's wings,
Sof' an' sweet, 'Swing Low Sweet Chariot',
Ez Malindy sings."

That Dunbar could and did write worth-while poetry, other than his dialect pieces, is demonstrated

by this exquisitely-carved cameo which he inscribed, at a moment's notice, on the fly leaf of his books for a little friend:

“An angel robed in spotless white
Bent down and kissed the sleeping night;
Night woke to blush, the sprite was gone—
Men saw the blush and called it Dawn.”

If Paul Laurence Dunbar could write poetry of this kind on the spur of the moment, it can be imagined what beauties and what depth of feeling are to be found in “Ere Sleep Comes Down to Soothe the Weary Eyes,” which is considered the most profound poem that this gifted negro ever wrote.

In an eight line poem, which he calls “The Poet,” Dunbar tells of one of his greatest disappointments in connection with his literary achievements. This disappointment was the failure of the world to appreciate his really fine language poems. These lines taken from the poem voice Dunbar's feelings:

“He sang of life, serenely sweet,
With, now and then, a deeper note.

* * * * *

But ah, the world, it turned to praise
A jingle of a broken tongue.”

In another of his language poems, “Life,” Dunbar explains what may at first appear an inconsistency in his poetry. Throughout his works one finds a mixture of joy and sadness, smiles and tear, gaiety and melancholy. It is just such a queer mixture of emotions, however, that goes to make up man's daily life. As Dunbar expresses it in poetry,

“Joy seems sweeter when cares come after,
And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter;
And that is life!”

Dunbar has a keen sense of humor and it was well that he had the gift—in spite of numerous cares and troubles—of always seeing the joke. That he could use his sense of humor in rapier-like thrusts of satire was shown when he wrote to a captious critic:

“Dear Critic, who my lightness so deplores,
Would I might study to be prince of bores,
Right wisely would I rule that dull estate—
But, sir, I may not, till you abdicate.”

In spite of Paul Laurence Dunbar's preference for his poems in literary English, William Dean Howells, no doubt, is correct in his statement that they are not distinctively Dunbar's contribution to the body of American poetry. William Dean Howells' statement makes a fitting close to an estimate of Paul Laurence Dunbar's poetic achievements: “What I mean is that several people might have written them (Dunbar's poems in literary English); but I do not know any one else at present who could quite have written the dialect pieces. These are divinations and reports of what passes in the hearts and minds of a lowly people whose poetry had hitherto been inarticulately expressed in music, but now finds, for the first time in our tongue, literary interpretation of a very artistic completeness.”

Thomas Corcoran, '29.

“Stubborn?” inquired the man from Kentucky. The muleteer wiped his forehead. “Stubborn,” he yelled. Say, mister, that cuss is so mean that when his hind legs are pushing, his front ones are walking backward.”

William Blake--An Impression

In the artists' section of London, there was once a studio which had the most curious effect upon anyone who entered it. If anybody passed in through the door, the outer world seemed to be entrenched in an impregnable fortress. The studio became the world, the world became something strange and distant. All the hard facts of life faded into mere shades of mysticism. Centered in this ethereal atmosphere was a man to whom all these hazy, unreal phenomena seemed natural. This is the setting that associates itself with the most romantic of poets, William Blake.

Blake was born in London in 1757, and died there in 1827, unknown and unsung. Although surrounded by all classes of human life, he was more at home with the things of nature—a man who found

“Tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything.”

Shyness, timidity, and a strong tendency toward day-dreaming were his most charming, and at the same time, his most baneful traits. Early in life he began a long course of art study; and later, when he published his books, he prefaced each chapter with various fantastic designs, which he himself had drawn and which attracted almost as much attention as the books themselves. During the course of his life, Blake either did receive or imagined that he received visits from the dead. He records these visits without the least doubt as to their reality. Many other men who have imagined such visits and have recorded

them have invariably brought in something unseemly, even repellent. Blake, however, records his visitations as a child tells a story, with the sincerest candor, and in the simplest of ways.

Although Blake published a great number of literary works, their charm and beauty are usually overlooked by the ordinary reader. A unique and even fantastic mixture of the ethereal and the natural in all his works, as also a strong touch of melancholy in many, cause some to consider the author a madman. Indeed, underlying all the unreality of his mystic thought there is a faint strain of melancholy. Yet the effect of this quality is such as will make the studious reader very sympathetic and will place him in that peculiar mood which will enable him to understand and to enjoy the works of this author. That feeling hard to express, that feeling of sadness yet hopefulness, that feeling which is the inspiration of all real art, of all real literature; in short, the inspiration of whatever is beautiful or noble, is aroused in one's innerself by this faint coloring of melancholy in the works of Blake. To read those exquisite lyrics, "Night", "Memory", "The Tiger", is to feel a sadness that touches the heart; still the mere words of these poems, taken literally, belie the impression made by these poems in their entirety.

In as far as the works of Blake can be said consistently to have definite characteristics, the most marked of these probably would be their musical quality, and in the better works, the simplicity of language. Blake's seeming madness could hardly be called a characteristic of his poems, for they have the power to banish utterly that tinge of the impossible which they at first seem to suggest; after a few minutes of reading that so-called madness becomes

the most normal quality of the work. To read Blake is to surrender oneself wholly to the ideal.

Francis Otto, '30

Light Lang Syne via Northern Lights

We consider it a privilege to review the copy of "Light Lang Syne via Northern Lights—A Reverie on Science and Faith" written and published by Rev. J. August Rath, who attended St. Joe from 1900 to 1905. We are grateful to have the work and congratulate Father Rath on this interesting and skillful treatment of science in verse.

The poem is, to use Father Rath's words, "a sort of epic of the age, which keeps religion ahead of science like an engine ahead of the caboose." The first five cantos call to task the conceits of modern, irreligious science. Several of the verses are particularly humorous; for example:

That evolution did achieve
A perfect case we must believe;
'Tis Nicholas, now Santa Claus,
Evolved by evolution's laws:
Unfrock'd in windows stands the man
Who once a diocese did scan;
He's with the corporations now
A Jolly fellow, don't cher know.

The last four cantos show the relation of faith to science. The poem reaches its climax in the seventh canto in the Redemption and the Eucharist:

I cannot die on Calvary
Execpt by this great mystery;
Thus Holy Eucharist sublime
Contains the Saviour, spans the time.

The verse is varied throughout; each topic is treated in suitable meter and rhyme. The work is far more subtle than it at first appears. A thorough understanding of its message requires at least two readings. From its perusal abundant pleasure and interest may be derived. What is more, "Light Lang Syne" brings home in a forceful way that science must be guided and preceded by faith, for without such guidance it becomes perverted and false:

Why play the fool's part
Be unwise of heart,
Upon the truth trod
Deny the true God?
Corrupt in the way—
O, why go astray!

A PASTEL

As I sit upon this lofty platform of sea-washed cliff, what a beautiful panorama spreads itself before my eyes! The mighty bowl of dark blue water, far down beneath me, basks in the wrath-red glory of the setting sun. Incessantly it washes the age-old face of this immense pile of rock. Far above in the clear, blue skies soar snow-white sea gulls. Occasionally some descend with wonderful swiftness, only to touch the cool waters with the tips of their wings, and again ascend to their airy habitation above. Moving a little closer to the edge of the cliff, I am almost stunned by the dizzying height of my resting place. What a majestic sweep has not this huge, crumbled sheet of rock which, for centuries, has withstood countless snow and rain-storms, the mad ravages of the winds, the incessant battle with the ever moving waters. Indeed, the scene is beautiful as I sit here gazing upon it.

Joseph Szanislo, '31.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Published monthly by the students of
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
Collegeville, Indiana

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One year -----	\$1.00
Single copies -----	\$.15

It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Rev. Meinrad Koester, C. PP. S. -----Faculty Director

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EDITORIAL

In an epitome of educational ideals, the Church has set forth as the undying aim of Christian education, the enrichment of man by a fourfold treasure-store: the possession of a body of truth derived from nature, from divine revelation, from the concrete work of man's hand, and from the content of human speech, "in order to bring his conduct into conformity with Christian ideals and with the standards of the civilization of his day." The test of any policy of education lies in its ability to impart culture to the individual. Culture constitutes the symmetrical beauty in the mental scaffold of education; culture is

the quality or fiber of the mind, rather than its content—"the symmetrical development and the perfect control of all the powers and faculties of the individual." True culture rests on the bedrock of character; true culture constitutes the keystone in the complex structure of life. By its inherent quality of kindness, true culture brings satisfaction to the individual and uncounted blessings to society. In the language of Dr. Shields, the cultured man may be "neither an architect nor a sculptor; he may neither be able to write poetry nor to paint pictures; but he must have an appreciation of the beautiful. We are far from denying the social advantages of 'the accomplishments', but they do not constitute the essential elements of culture. Without being able to do any of these things it is quite possible to have the aesthetic faculty highly cultivated and to recognize beauty, and thrill to it wherever it is found in nature, in art, or in perfect manners."

Christian ideals of education have insisted that education is not something superadded, but that true education must teach the individual to live and to act its maxims. What other system could have produced a Michael Angelo, a St. Thomas Aquinas, a Dante? The Church has unquestionably infused the life-blood of civilization into the nations of the world. Under her maternal guidance, the Greek learned respect for his fellowmen; armed legions of Rome admitted the superior potency of gentleness and love; wild nomadic tribes were gradually led into the ways of peace. From these crude materials the Church developed the institutions and monuments of Christian civilization which remain the guiding stars to peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety. The success of Christian ideals of education has proved their inherent excellence, and

they stand today in undying vigor and youthful freshness.

The month of February claims among her illustrious sons two characters of outstanding merit and ability; one the father of his country, the other its savior. The name of Washington is written in golden letters on every page of American history; its glory is enshrined in every loyal heart; it re-echoes over and over in the glorious independence of this blessed land. With each succeeding year the memory of his name sinks deeper into the hearts of American citizens.

The glory of Lincoln, on the other hand, is the triumph of sincere effort in preserving the union intact, a work more difficult than that which devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. The whole life of Lincoln proved that "this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

At the death of Washington arose an expression of deep reverence and sorrow; at the death of Lincoln, each individual felt that he had lost "a just, a wise, a patient, personal friend." America's undying tribute to these men finds expression in the many monuments and public buildings dedicated to their honor. As long as earthly works shall be remembered, even though many great deeds may be forgotten, the deeds of Washington and Lincoln will remain conspicuous on the pages of history; their services will be cherished by all American citizens and admirers. May their names, together with their renown, serve as a bond of union to the country which they loved with an affection so partial, and which they served with a devotion so entire.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

With the advent of modern forms of business and commercial intercourse, advertising has become one of the essentials of business success. Advertising seems but a form of investment, with time dividends and interest, and in many cases this is actually true, especially with advertisements in our more prominent magazines and newspapers.

In not a few instances, however, advertisers have offered the golden "sesame" to financial problems of publications, among which the college journal holds an outstanding place. Without the aid of advertisers, most college journals could not exist. The Collegian realizes its indebtedness to its advertisers who have offered their help rather through friendliness toward St. Joseph's College than in expectation of material gain. "Patronize our advertisers," is the slogan of the Collegian, "by dealing with them whenever occasion demands." Their friendliness and good-will, we trust, will find a co-partner in the sentiments of the students of St. Joseph's College.

Exchanges

To merit the name, a school paper should reflect the trivium of modern educational endeavor: the physical, the intellectual, and the moral. If it slights one or the other of these factors, it may still be a paper published by students, but it is no longer a school paper.

The athletic department of a paper takes care of the physical. The emphasis which a school places upon this important factor of modern education is not

to be gauged entirely or even primarily by the amount of space devoted to sport review, but rather by the general spirit and enthusiasm of the write-ups. This spirit reveals better the prevailing attitude toward sports than does page upon page of detail.

The magazine as a whole: its essays, stories, poems, news, etc, bears witness to the intellectual standards of a school. The paper that can boast, not only of the best material, but also, and especially, of the widest range of contributors from among the students, attests a high standard for its school. Every paper should strive, in as far as it is possible, to make itself really representative by accepting contributions from students in general.

The tone pervading a paper betrays the third phase: the moral. To detect this phase we must often read between the lines. For this reason caution must be exercised, especially in the news and joke columns, lest an unsavory impression be created.

The St. Joseph's Gleaner, St. Joseph's College, Hindsdale, Illinois, passes this triple scrutiny with merit. **The Gleaner** represents painstaking work on the part of staff and contributors. "A Comparative Study of Virgil and Dante" shows a wide acquaintance with these poets and a genuine appreciation of their works. We wish, however, that the writer had enlarged the essay and had given us more about this interesting topic. The writer of the "gleanings" section is to be commended for his unique and interesting manner of handling this department. We lament the absence of a regular exchange column in the **Gleaner**.

The Tattler, Decatur Catholic High School, Decatur, Indiana, atones for the tardiness of its first issue of this year by a high standard in its content.

"At the Foot of the Rainbow" and "Noise or Silence" are leaders in merit for the fiction and essay department respectively. The latter shows a depth of thought that is uncommon in the ordinary high school essay. "When Winter Comes" contains true poetic thought and feeling, but its verse might be more even and smooth.

A recent, but valuable addition to our exchange list is the **Vermont Academy Life**, Vermont Academy, Saxtons River, Vermont. The **Life** is a journal of outstanding merit. "The Christmas Celebration" is an essay that treats its subject in a masterly and panoramic manner. The French department speaks well for the standards maintained in this subject at Vermont Academy. Both the number of exchanges and the critically helpful attitude of the exchange editor distinguish that department.

We are grateful for the following exchanges received within the last two months:

Dial	Marian
Exponent	Periscope
Campionette	Notre Dame News
Black and Red	Tower
Loyola News	Bay Leaf
Purple and White	Centric
Sunflower	Blue and White
Olivia	Hour Glass
Sigma	Gothic
Mother Seton Journal	Burr

Locals

On Sunday evening, January 15, the students were pleased when they witnessed David Ward Griffith's film, "America." The many years which this picture has been before the public give ample testimony as to its quality. The acting throughout the picture is good. The merit of the photography is overshadowed only by the splendid directing. Varicolored scenes lend a touch of real art to the recent advancement in photography. In "America," events of the Revolutionary War are portrayed in a manner that warms the heart of any citizen of the United States. "America" was one of the best ten films in its initial year. If the enthusiasm of the local audience means anything, then this film will retain its grip despite "The Big Parade" and "Beau Geste" of more recent days.

January would have been the dullerest month of the school year had not the mid-year examinations presented themselves. As it was they provided splendid material for concentration during a number of days before the program commenced as well as during the examination periods themselves. When the results of the exams were posted there was the usual rush to the bulletin boards. The exclamations heard may be classed under two general heads: those of pleasant surprise, and those of unpleasant surprise. These surprises are not unnecessary, boys, particularly the latter variety, as they are a means toward making everyone realize that effort and concentration must at all times hold a place in study.

Soon after examinations were finished the Forty Hours Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament commenced. A solemn High Mass followed by a procession was celebrated Sunday morning. In the afternoon, solemn Vespers were chanted. Due to the arrangement of attendance by classes, there was continual adoration during the time of exposition. After a beautiful solemn High Mass and procession in the morning, the students trooped to Rensselaer in the afternoon of Tuesday, where the post-examination reaction was complete.

HONOR ROLL

Sixths: Edward Siegman, 98 5-7; Caspar Heilmann, 98 5-7; Roman Lochotzki, 97 5-7; Robert Koch, 97; Carl Gates, 95 6-7.

Fifths: Othmar Missler, 96 3-7; Paul Knapke, 95 4-7; Andrew Pollak, 95; Michael Walz, 93 5-7; Albert Gordon, 92 1-7.

Fourths: Frederick Hunt, 97 2-7; John Kraus, 95 2-7; Marcellus Dreiling, 94 2-3; Spalding Miles, 94 1-8; Ambrose Freund, 91 5-7.

Thirds: Caspar Davis, 97 1-2; Cletus Kern, 96 5-7; Joseph Shaw, 96 3-7; George Mercer, 95 5-7; Bela Szmekto, 95 3-7.

Seconds: Herman Schnurr, 98 1-5; Maurice Meyers, 98 1-6; Virgil Siebeneck, 98; Leonard Storch, 96 5-6; James Conroy, 96 1-5.

Firsts: Joseph Otte, 97 1-3; Michael Vichuras, 96 4-5; William Egolf, 96 3-5; Herbert Kenney, 92 2-5; Richard Biggins, 94 3-5.

Alumni Notes

Oscar Hempfling, who took leave of his Alma Mater in '23, has favored with his services the Lincoln Highway Dairy, Delphos, Ohio.

The Rev. Bartholomew Besinger, an alumnus since '96 and, until a few years ago, prefect of discipline at St. Joseph's, in which capacity he was loved and respected by those under him, sends a bit of encouragement to the staff by "hoping the child (The Collegian) will wax in strength, years, and perfection."

After a creditable athletic career at St. Joseph's, Lamont Hoyng of '27 is playing basketball this season with the Coldwater Athletic Club, Coldwater, Ohio.

Leo Schramer, after leaving St. Joseph's, completed his high school course at St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois. For the past year and a half he has been employed as clerk in the Virgil State Bank, Virgil, Illinois.

From the far-off, windswept plains of the southwest, the Rev. A. Brunswick, C. PP. S., of St. Catherine's Church, Nowata, Oklahoma, sends an appreciated comment upon the revival of The Collegian. Father Brunswick states that "the first number set an excellent standard. The content is general in appeal and sufficiently local in color to be of interest to all."

Societies

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The first semester of the year proved most successful for the C. L. S. The acme of the dramatic efforts of the society centered in the classic "A Pair of Sixes." The faithful and very creditable work of the officers, which made possible a happy issue of the various Columbian activities, deserves generous praise. The C. L. S. assembled Sunday, January 8, to elect the office-holders for the coming session. Caspar Heimann was entrusted with the presidency, while Cornelius Heringhaus was chosen vice-president. Charles Magsam was elected secretary while Julius Frenzer was chosen as treasurer. The important duties of critic were placed on the shoulders of Edward Siegman. To constitute the executive committee, Joseph Hartmann, Carl Gates, and John Wissert were elected. Francis Matthews became marshal of the society by appointment. Robert Koch, with John Wissert as assistant, was reappointed stage manager. Thomas Corcoran was assigned to the office of historian. With this array of capable men on the staff of officers, and with sympathetic co-operation on the part of the members, the C. L. S. can justly look forward to a semester of singular achievement.

NEWMAN CLUB

With the public program of undoubted merit, and a half-year's experience in parliamentary and dramatic activities to their credit, the Newmanites may look back upon the past session with conscious pride and mental satisfaction. A meeting was held

Sunday, January 15, during the course of which the final elections for the present scholastic year were held. The officers chosen were: president, Thomas Durkin; vice-president, Marcellus Dreiling; secretary, John Kraus; treasurer, Joseph Herod; critic, Francis Otto; executive committee, Victor Pax, Arnold Grot, and Wendelin Billinger. With this staff of competent men to lead them, the Newmanites may expect to accumulate enviable laurels during the coming semester.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

The activities of the Raleigh Club to date have been marked by spirit, interest, and variety. Several 'smokers' and an entertainment added to the enjoyment of the Club. The elections for the final semester were held Sunday, January 22. The officers elected were: president, Robert Koch; secretary, Arthur Reineck; treasurer, Cornelius Heringhaus. Immediately upon election, the in-coming officers officiated in their respective positions. Several new members were voted into the Club. After several suggestions of varied interest and importance on the part of the members, the meeting adjourned.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The regular monthly meeting of the Dwenger Mission Unit, held Saturday evening, January 28, was characterized by unusual interest and enthusiasm. The society decided to hold its regular monthly meeting on the second Saturday evening of each month. Michael Walz interestingly and pointedly outlined the activities of the first three conventions of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in an excellent

address. Plans were discussed to enroll one, or more members in the Order of Paladins, C. S. M. C., according to the method suggested in recent issues of the Shield. These plans will probably be given definite shape at the next meeting.

THE TEMPEST

I stood upon the mist-veiled steep,
And watched the sullen, crescent moon
Recline on ocean's solemn deep,
Despairingly to hide ere soon.

Against the rocks staunch rollers dashed
And burst and foamed in mad affray;
Resplendent lightning banners flashed,
Abrupt harsh thunder went astray.

Below the restless skies they swept
Those blackened clouds of stormy fright;
The orb they crossed like pirates deft,
In search of hidden gems at night.

But lo! The solemn, dying cloud
Of stormy thunder creeps away,
Across the skies of rainy shroud;
And night slips softly into day.

John Eby, 31.

He: "I presume that you would be glad to have me call again?"

She: "You do."

He: "I do what?"

She: "Presume."

Athletics

COLLEGE 29—HIGH SCHOOL 20

The opening game of the College-Hi series was won by the College after a long and fierce struggle with the determined High School warriors. Chuck-full of beautiful shots and neat passwork, the game proved very interesting and enjoyable. The first half found the College lagging behind their opponents who played a fast, dazzling game of basketball. With the coming of re-inforcements for the College in the second half, however, the game proved to be of more interest to the College rooters. Spalding and Schill with 10 points apiece were the chief luminaries of the game. For the High School, Billinger at center and Jim Maloney at back guard consistently made things hot for the College players

COLLEGE 29	LINE-UP	HIGH SCHOOL 20
Norton, R. F.		Otto, R. F.
Spalding, R. F.		Krupa, R. F.
Ryan, L. F.		Billinger, C.
Schill, C.		Kienly, C.
Lauer, L. G.		Martin, L. G.
Barge, L. G.		Maloney, Jim, R. G.
Hartmann, R. G.		
Anzinger, R. G.		

Referee, Corcoran; Umpire, W. Dreiling; Time-keeper, H. Reineck; Scorer, Gibson.

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.
Fifths -----	4	0	1000
Thirds -----	2	1	666
Fourths -----	2	2	500
Sixths -----	1	2	333
Seconds -----	0	4	000

Fifths 21—Fourths 26. From a hard-fought game which required an overtime period to decide the contest, the Fifths emerged victorious over the Fourths. The first half went to the Fourths' credit, leading, as they did, 16 to 7. In the final period, however, the Fifths' players found the basket and scored 21 points to the Fourths' 10.

Thirds 21—Seconds 17. The Thirds and Seconds staged a battle which closely resembled a football game, with the players heaped up in piles on the floor most of the time. As it is, however, the Thirds, led by Captain Martin, pushed over two extra baskets in the last few minutes of play which gave them victory. Cardinali of the Seconds played a very good game, ringing up eight points for his team.

Fourths 26—Sixths 5. After holding the Fourths to fourteen points for three quarters of the game, the Sixths' defense crumbled, with the result that the Fourths scored at will and boosted their points to 26. M. Dreiling of the Fourths was high-point man of the game, while Hartmann of the Sixths played a good game at backguard.

Fifths 34—Seconds 22. The Seconds played their best game of the season when they played the Fifths. In the final half only did the Fifths plunge far enough ahead of the Seconds to win. Cardinali and Conroy played good floor games for the Seconds. while Spalding and Barge performed in good style for the Fifths.

"AC" LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.
Sixths -----	1	0	1000
Fourths -----	1	0	1000
Thirds -----	1	1	500
Fifths -----	0	1	000
Seconds -----	0	2	000

Thirds 12—Seconds 11. After leading the Thirds for practically the entire game, the Seconds had to bow to defeat by a single point margin. In the last minute of play, with score 11 to 10 in favor of the Seconds, Sanger looped the winning basket for the Thirds. The Seconds, however, are good sports and took their bitter defeat in the proper spirit.

Fourth 17—Fifths 13. The Fourths piled up a four point lead over the Fifths in the first half, which enabled them to clinch this first game of the season. The Fifths were very weak on foul shots, making 5 out of 13 tries. For the winners, Weiner played a good consistent game, while Pollak of the Fifths held down his guard position in good style.

Sixths 11—Seconds 8. Determined to avenge their first defeat, the Seconds came back strong and made the Sixths play hard to win their game. During the first half, the playing was rather even, with the Seconds having a slight edge. The second half, however, saw the Sixths forge ahead and take the game.

MIDGET LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.
Celts -----	4	0	1000
Jokers -----	2	2	500
Go-Getters -----	2	2	500
Eagles -----	2	2	500
Arrows -----	1	3	250

Eagles 11—Go-Getters 3. The Eagles ran up a lead in the early part of the game, and just to make their victory certain added 6 more points in the second half. Due to excellent guarding on the part of J. Maloney and Schneider, the Eagles held their

opponents scoreless in the final period of play, Jansen and Coleman of the losers put up a stiff fight throughout the game, but their effort failed to avert defeat.

Celts 11—Arrows 8. By defeating the hard playing Arrows, the Celts tightened their hold on the first place. A last minute rally at the end of the game fell to naught when the final whistle blew and found the Arrows three points from a possible tie score. DeMars and Forwith of the victors led their team in scoring, while I. Vichuras and Mgr. Koehn of the losers staged a desperate fight to bring victory to their team.

Jokers 12—Eagles 9. With Mgr. Rieman leading the attack, the Jokers came from behind in the second half and scored eight points for a win. Holland and Joe Maloney of the losers were in the thick of the fight at all times, and tried desperately to hold their three point lead which they had at half.

Celts 8—Go-Getters 6. The Celts added another scalp to their collection when they defeated the scrapping Go-Getters 8 to 6. With the score four up at half, the Celts entered the second period determined to win or to go down fighting to defeat. The Celts looped one more basket than their opponents, hence taking a hard earned victory.

Eagles 13—Arrows 10. In a rough and tumble game of the worst type, the Eagles emerged on the long side of a 13 to 10 count. Led by Mgr. Harris, the Eagles held the lead throughout the game. In the final minutes of play, the Arrows, with Toth and I. Vichuras leading the attack, threatened to forge ahead to victory.

Jokers 8—Go-Getters 7. Thirty seconds to play! Mgr. Jansen of the Go-Getters sunk a beautiful shot tying the score 7 up. In the first overtime period

both teams were up on their toes and held each other scoreless. After he had tried two free throws in succession, without any result, Kennedy of the Jokers dropped a third free throw through the basket and the Jokers emerged victorious.

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.
Flying Aces -----	1	0	1000
Hi-Steppers -----	1	0	1000
Rosenblooms -----	1	1	500
Wonder Five -----	0	1	000
Basketeurs -----	0	1	000

Flying Aces 22—Rosenblooms 1. The Flying Aces literally flew through the Rosenblooms, handing them a crushing defeat, 22 to 1. With five field goals to his credit, Garza of the winners was high point man of the game, besides playing a consistent floor game. The Rosenblooms lone tally resulted from a free throw by Mgr. Reineck.

Hi-Steppers 12—Wonder five 9. With the score 10 to 9 in the last minutes of play, Follmar of the Hi-Steppers sunk a final basket to make victory certain for his team. The Wonder Five put up a stiff fight throughout the game, holding their own in the first half, but finally they succumbed to the Hi-Steppers attack in the final period of the game.

Rosenblooms 8—Basketeurs 5. After their first humiliating defeat, the Rosenblooms came back strong and defeated the Basketeurs 8 to 5. R. Nieset and R. Bihn of the winners led their team in scoring, while Mgr. Reineck played a good floor game. For the Basketeurs, Zarrett and Abrahamson carried the brunt of the Rosenbloom's attack.

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Soldier: "How does a sailor consider marriage?"

Sailor: "I'll bite. How does he?"

Soldier: "As an anchor which cannot be lifted."

Headlines in newspaper: "Rob two Filling Stations Today." Must we really do that?

Customer: "What smells so bad in this store?"

Israelite Merchant: "Oi, oi, it's the bisness—it's rotten."

He: "You look like a sensible girl. Let's get married."

She: "Nothing doing. I'm just as sensible as I look."

Izzy: "Are you going to use your cap this morning?"

Iky: "Yes."

Izzy: "Then I can borrow your hat, can't I."

In life the ability to forget is essential.

"We will now read from the Book of Numbers," said the minister as he picked up the telephone book.

"I'll have some of those olives with the red tail lights," said the man from Arkansas.

Smoker: (in club) "I miss the old cuspidor, since it's gone."

Poker: "You missed it before that."

Wife: "Henry, you talk in your sleep."

Hubbie: "Well you don't begrudge me that do you? It's my only chance."

As soon as some fellows get prosperous they get lazy.

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